

SPACE.	One Knot	Two Months	Three Months	Six Months	One Year.
One Square,	2 50	5 —	7 00	10 —	15 —
Two Squares,	5 00	9 —	12 00	18 —	25 —
Three Squares,	8 00	13 —	16 00	24 —	35 —
Four Squares,	10 00	14 —	17 50	30 —	40 —
Fourth Column,	12 50	20 —	25 00	35 —	50 —
Half Column,	15 00	25 —	30 00	50 —	80 —
Whole Column,	25 00	40 —	50 00	65 —	100 —

world—it is the

"Such a charming day as we have had Mrs. Lorain, said Blanche, as she came, smiling, and radiant, as if the worm remorse was not gnawing at her

"Yes," said the charming matron, who was reading in an easy chair under the shadow of the vines. "But what sent Mr. Evering away in such a hurry?"

"Yes—by the evening train. He came home, packed his things, and drove away as if there was not a moment to lose. I am very sorry we will miss him much."

Blanche went slowly up stairs and

sat down by her window, looking at the purple glow of the evening landscapes as if it were a featureless blank. So he has really gone away; and by her own folly she had lost the priceless treasure of Gilbert Evering's love.

"And I cannot even write to him, for I do not know his address," thought she, with clasped hands and tearful eyes. "Well, it's my own fault; and I must abide by the consequence as best I may."

So Blanche went home from the gay and fashionable place a sadder and a wiser woman, and November mists drooping over the bricks and mortar wilderness of her city home had never seemed half so dreary to her as they did now.

"I suppose I shall be an old maid," thought Blanche, walking up and down in the firelight darkness of her room, her dimpled hands clasped behind her waist. "I will never care for anyone now as I cared for—for Gil-

bert, and I dare say I shall keep a cat and grow fond of her. Ah, well, a-day life cannot last forever."

A dreary comfort for that girl of nineteen summers.

She rang the bell with an impatient jerk

"Are there any letters Sanderson?"
 "One ma'am, it came by the evening post about five minutes ago."
 "Light the gas, then, and give it to me."
 Blanche sat down by the fire and

"Black edged—and--black scaled
So poor Mrs. Marchmont is gone a
last."

It was from the executors of Miss
Penroy's distant cousin, formally an

briefly announcing her death which had taken place some months since but of which the "melancholy news," as the letter ran, had only just been received. It was not entirely unexpected, as Mrs. Marchmont had been

"Leaving one child, a son," slowly repeated Blanche, leaving her head on her hand and looking into the fiercer quiver of the white hot coals. "Poor

little fellow, he must feel as desolate as I do. Only I have at least a sufficiency of this world's goods, and the poor orphan child must be thrown penniless and alone on his own resources, for, if I remember right, Mr.

her first marriage by her second alliance with the poverty stricken lawyer, whose death plunged her into such bitter mourning. That was genuine love match, yet how much grief and trouble it brought. "Lea-

ing one child—a son." Why should I not adopt the stray waif, and make it the business of my life to cherish and comfort him? I have no objection in existence; here is one that Providence itself seems to point out to me.

"Bring me my writing desk immediately, Sanderson, and get ready to take a letter to the post as soon as possible."

The old servant obeyed, wondering at his mistress's unwonted energy, and yet well pleased to see some of his old animation returning.

"She does look more like herself to-night, Miss. Blanche, than she has for a long time," he said to the house-

for a long time," he said to the housekeeper as he went down stairs after obeying the summons. "I wish Miss Blanche would take a fancy to some properly behaved young man; it does seem right that she should live all her life in the big house so forlorn."

The housekeeper nodded her head sagaciously to Mr. Sanderson's proposition. She fully agreed with him. "Only Miss Blanche was too willful ever to listen to a word of advice."

"I shall never marry now," she wrote
"and it seems to become my duty
undertaking the care of this orphan

child of Mrs. Marchmont. With your approval, therefore, I propose to add him, and endeavor, as far as in my power, to supply the place of his mother. You may at first deem me young to undertake so grave and serious responsibility, but I am ni-

rious a responsibility, but I am fifteen last month, and I am very, very much older in thought and feeling than in years. Of course at my age the child will inherit the property which was left to me by my deceased parents."

"I hope my aunty's executors like the white headed old lawyers reads about," said Blanche to herself as she folded the little sheet of paper "and not cross old fudges, talking expediency and appropriateness; fudges, and not cross anybody, to laundress and

do want somebody to love and care
and I've a premonition this little
low will be nice, rosy and loveable
think I will teach him to call
aunt."